

What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell.
But by bad counsels may be understood,
That their events can never fall out good.

Rich. Go *Bushie* to the Earle of *Wiltshire* straight,
Bid him repaire to vs to *Ely* house,
To see this businesse: to morrow next
We will for *Ireland*, and 'tis time, I trow:
And we create in absence of our selfe
Our Vncle *Yorke*, Lord Gouvernor of England:
For he is iust, and alwayes lou'd vs well.
Come on our Queene, to morrow must we part,
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

Manet North. Wiltoughby, & Ross.

Nor. Well Lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

Ross. And living too, for now his sonne is Duke.

Wil. Barely in title, not in reuennew.

Nor. Richly in both, if iustice had her right.

Ross. My heart is great: but it must break with silence,
Er't be disburthen'd with a liberall tongue.

Nor. Nay speake thy mind: & let him ne'r speak more
That speakes thy words againe to do thee harme.

Wil. Tends that thou'dst speake to th' Du. of Hereford,
If it be so, out with it boldly man,

Quicke is mine eare to heare of good towards him.

Ross. No good at all that I can do for him,

Vnlesse you call it good to pitie him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimonie.

Nor. Now afore heaven, 'tis shame such wrongs are
borne,

In him a royall Prince, and many moe
Of noble blood in this declining Land;
The King is not himselfe, but basely led
By flatterers, and what they will informe
Meerely in hate 'gainst any of vs all,

That will the King severely prosecute
Gainst vs, our liues, our children, and our heires.

Ross. The Commons hath he pil'd with greivous taxes
And quite lost their hearts: the Nobles hath he finde
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Wil. And daily new exactions are deuiz'd,
As blankes, beneuolences, and I wot not what:
But what o' Gods name doth become of this?

Nor. Wars hath not wasted it, for war'd he hath not.
But basely yeilded vpon comprimize,
That which his Ancestors atchieu'd with blowes:
More hath he spent in peace, then they in warres.

Ross. The Earle of Wiltshire hath the realme in Farme.

Wil. The Kings growne bankrupt like a broken man.

Nor. Reproach and dissolution hangeth ouer him.

Ross. He hath not monie for these Irish warres:

(His burthenous taxations notwithstanding)
But by the robbing of the banish'd Duke.

Nor. His noble Kinsman, most degenerate King:

But Lords, we heare this fearefull tempest sing,

Yet seeke no shelter to auoid the storme:

We see the winde sit fore vpon our sailes,

And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

Ross. We see the very wracke that we must suffer,

And vnauoyded is the danger now

For suffering so the causes of our wracke.

Nor. Not so: euen through the hollow eyes of death,

I spie life peering: but I dare not say

How neere the tidings of our comfort is.

Wil. Nay let vs share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours

Ross. Be confident to speake Northumberland,

We three, are but thy selfe, and speaking so,

Exit.

Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.
Nor. Then thus: I haue from *Portle Blau*

A Bay in *Britaine*, recei'd intelligence,
That *Harry* Duke of *Hereford*, *Raimald* Lord *Cobham*,
That late broke from the Duke of *Exeter*,
His brother Archbishop, late of *Canterbury*,
Sir *Thomas Erpingham*, Sir *John Rainsfon*,
Sir *John Norberie*, Sir *Robert Waterton*, & *Francis Quaint*,
All these well furnish'd by the Duke of *Britaine*,

With eight tall ships, three thousand men of warre
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly meane to touch our Northerne shore:

Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay

The first departing of the King for *Ireland*.

If then we shall shake off our flauish yoke,

Impe out our drooping Countries broken wing,

Redeeme from broaking pawne the blemish'd Crowne,

Wipe off the dust that hides our Scepters gilt,

And make high Maiestie looke like it selfe,

Away with me in poste to *Rauespurg*,

But if you faint, as fearing to do so,

Stay, and be secret, and my selfe will go.

Ross. To horie, to horie, vrge doubts to them y' feare.

Wil. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Queene, Bushy, and Bagot.

Bushy. Madam, your Maiesty is too much sad,
You promis'd when you parted with the King,
To lay aside selfe-harming heauinesse,
And entertaine a cheerefull disposition.

Qu. To please the King, I did: to please my selfe
I cannot do it: yet I know no cause

Why I should welcome such a guest as greefe,

Sauce bidding farewell to so sweet a guest

As my sweet *Richard*; yet againe me thinkes,

Some vnborne sorrow, ripe in fortunes wombe

Is comming towards me, and my inward soule

With nothing trembles, at something it greeues,

More then with parting from my Lord the King.

Bushy. Each substance of a greefe hath twenty shadows

Which shewes like greefe it selfe, but is not so:

For sorrowes eye, glazed with blinding teares,

Diuides one thing intire, to many objects,

Like perspectiues, which rightly gaz'd vpon

Shew nothing but confusion, ey'd awry,

Distinguish forme: so your sweet Maiestie

Looking awry vpon your Lords departure,

Finde shapes of greefe, more then himselfe to waille,

Which look'd on as it is, is naught but shadows

Of what it is not: then thrice-gracious Queene,

More then your Lords departure weep not, more's not

Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrowes eie,

Which for things true, weepe things imaginary.

Qu. It may be so: but yet my inward soule

Perfwades me it is otherwise: how ere it be,

I cannot but be sad: so heauy sad,

As though on thinking on no thought I thinke,

Makes me with heauy nothing faint and shrinke.

Bushy. 'Tis nothing but conceit (my gracious Lady)

Queene.

Qu. 'Tis nothing lesse: conceit is still deriu'd
From some fore-father greefe, mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something greefe,
Or something, hath the nothing that I greeue,
'Tis in reuerfion that I do possesse,
But what it is, that is not yet knowne, what
I cannot name, 'tis namelesse woe I wot.

Enter Greene.

Gre. Heaven saue your Maiesty, and wel met Gentle-
I hope the King is not yet shipt for *Ireland*. (men:

Qu. Why hop'st thou so? 'Tis better hope he is:

For his desires craue hast, his hast good hope,

Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipt?

Gre. That he our hope, might haue rety'd his power,

and driuen into dispaire an enemies hope,

Who strongly hath set footing in this Land.

The banish'd *Bullingbrooke* repeales himselfe,

And with vp-lifted Armes is safe arriu'd

At *Rauespurg*.

Qu. Now God in heauen forbid.

Gr. O Madam 'tis too true: and that is worse,

The L. Northumberland, his yong sonne *Henrie Percie*,

The Lords of *Rosse*, *Beaumont*, and *Wiltoughby*,

With all their powrefull friends are fled to him.

Bushy. Why haue you not proclaim'd Northumberland

And the rest of the reuolued faction, Traitors?

Gre. We haue: whereupon the Earle of Worcester

Hath broke his staffe, resign'd his Stewardship,

And all the household seruants fled with him to *Bullinbrook*.

Qu. So *Greene*, thou art the midwife of my woe,

And *Bullingbrooke* my sorrowes dismall heyre:

Now hath my soule brought forth her prodegie,

And I a gasping new deliuered mother,

Haue woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow ioyn'd.

Bushy. Dispaire not Madam.

Qu. Who shall hinder me?

I will dispaire, and be at enmitie

With couzening hope; he is a flatterer,

A parasite, a keeper backe of death,

Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,

Which false hopes linger in extremity.

Enter Yorke

Gre. Heere comes the Duke of *Yorke*.

Qu. With signes of warre about his aged necke,

Oh full of carefull businesse are his lookes:

Vncle, for heauens sake speake comfortable words:

Yor. Comfort's in heauen, and we are on the earth,

Where nothing liues but crosses, care and greefe:

Your husband he is gone to saue farre off,

Whilst others come to make him loofe at home:

Heere am I left to vnder-prop his Land,

Who weake with age, cannot support my selfe:

Now comes the sicke houre that his surfet made,

Now shall he try his friends that flattered him.

Enter a seruant.

Ser. My Lord, your sonne was gone before I came.

Yor. He was: why so: go all which way it will:

The Nobler they are fled, the Commons they are cold,

And will I feare reuolt on *Hereford* side.

Sirra, get thee to *Plathie* to my sister *Gloster*,

Bid her send me presently a thousand pound,

Hold, take my Ring.

Ser. My Lord, I had forgot

To tell your Lordship, to day I came by, and call'd there,

But I shall greeue you to report the rest.

Yor. What is't knaue?

Ser. An he

Yor. Heaue

Come rushing

I know not w

(So my vntru

The King had

What, are the

How shall we

Come sister (C

Go fellow, ge

And bring aw

Gentlemen, v

If I know how

Thus disorder

Neuer beleue

Th'one is my

And dutie bid

Is my kinsman

Whom confici

Well, somewh

He dispose of

And meet me

I should to P

All is vneuen,

Bushy. The

But none retu

Proportionab

Gr. Beside

Is neere the h

Ba And th

Lies in their p

By so much fi

Bushy. W

Bag. If m

Because we h

Gr. Well:

The Earle of

Bushy. Th

Will the hate

Except like C

Will you g

Bag. No,

Farewell, if h

We three he

Bu. That

Gr. Alas

Is numbring

Where one c

Bushy. Far

Well, we ma

Bag. I fe

Enter

Bul. Ho

Nor. Be

I am a stran

These high

Drawes out

And yet our